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Puck

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AN OLD IMPOSITION.

CONDUCTOR CLEVELAND. — That fellow can't ride free any longer, Ma'am — he's big enough to pay for himself!



PUCK,
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING TWO "BRUTAL" SPORTS.

WE WERE about to charge a big part of the public with hypocrisy, but reflection has made us reduce the charge to inconsistency. We refer to the popular attitude toward boxing-matches and foot-ball. Here are two forms of physical contest demanding not only the best development of the body, but a certain amount of head-work that is called "science." Each appeals strongly to all classes, and always will so long as man is made of flesh and blood and bone. Yet, people who enjoy foot-ball will say of boxing: "But it is so brutal!" And that is inconsistent. Any one who is familiar with the two sports must admit that boxing is more humane; is, in fact, a gentler sport than foot-ball. In foot-ball, eleven men must make a way through eleven other men, and the science of the game consists in devising plans for applying brute force to that end. And, when the player is "downed" is he protected until he regains his feet, as the boxer is? Well, hardly! Then, while running at full speed, the foot-ball player is "tackled"—that is, he is thrown violently to the ground. The long and short of it is that in every foot-ball game there is a species of brutality that would be as novel and out of place in a boxing-match as it would be in a game of chess. There is another objection made to boxing: "The associations are bad!" This idea is largely due to the ignorance or dishonesty of a certain kind of newspaper of bilious virtue, which gives an excellent account of foot-ball matches, but refers to a boxing-match as "a blot upon our fair city's fame," and to the men who see it as "ruffians, cut-throats and pickpockets." To those who have been led to believe this sort of rot, we take pleasure in saying that the men who fill Madison Square Garden or the Coney Island Athletic Club to see a boxing-match, are the same men who go out to Manhattan Field to see a foot-ball match. They are every whit as respectable and orderly. They know as little about cutting throats as they do about picking pockets, and they would very likely make a botch of either job. It would be just as reasonable to describe the foot-ball crowd as "a gang of ruffians and pickpockets." Again, the plea is made that boxing-contests breed lawlessness. Well, please compare carefully the behavior of a crowd of eight thousand people coming out of Madison Square Garden after a boxing-show, with the behavior of the crowd in New York after a Yale-Princeton game of foot-ball. And you can easily remember, can you not, the behavior of the foot-ball enthusiasts in past years? A drunken and disorderly mob has infested the streets, to the disgust and inconvenience of all who dared venture out. This year the authorities have been warned to make extra preparations to handle such offenders; yet this is foot-ball and not prize-fighting, and you are ready to make allowances for the drunkenness and ruffianism. We are not trying to defend prize-fighting. We believe there are many things in life more elevating. We simply insist that you who condemn boxing-matches and uphold foot-ball as a noble sport are inconsistent, and you can not suppress one unless you suppress both. Furthermore, while you may be only inconsistent, you are making a lot of hypocrites out of decent people, so long as yours is the general opinion. A contest between two eminent exponents of pugilism was recently declared off in Brooklyn, in order that the Democratic machine might give *éclat* to its virtue. Now, that the election is over, every effort will be made to bring about the fight as originally planned. But it is your inconsistency that has made that deceit necessary, for the man who likes to watch a boxing-match knows he is all right, so long as you, who claim to be his superior in morals, countenance a sport in every way as objectionable. And if you persist in this inconsistency you will come dangerously near hypocrisy yourself.

AS TO THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

No campaign of recent years has been more valuable than the one just closed, as an object-lesson illustrating the iniquity of the spoils-system. Take either of the two principal issues of the campaign—the fight for municipal honesty in Brooklyn, or the fight for the honor of the Court of Appeals—and we find that it has originally been precipitated by the corruption of this vile system of trading in offices. Judge Maynard's abilities in the line of "stealing back" would never have been called into activity if he had not learned his politics in the school of office-grabbing. He forgot that he was a public officer, bound to obey the will of the people, because he remembered, first, that he was bound to serve his party in its business of getting offices. The case is the same in Brooklyn. Mr. Boody's fight has been simply a fight for office. He never represented a principle

of any sort—unless you might call him the incarnation of the spoils-system. And so generally has that system diseased our entire scheme of municipal politics that, had Mr. Boody's opponent been elected by nine votes out of ten in Brooklyn, it could not furnish any greater guaranty of Brooklyn's relief from her ills than is given by the undoubted good intentions of one honest man practically helpless in a continual futile struggle with other office-holders in the employ of the city. We saw what that state of things was when Mr. Hewitt was Mayor of New York. The record of his activity in that position is wholly comprised in a beautiful collection of well-written letters which absolutely failed to accomplish anything and which might just as well have been written by "Veritas" or "Constant Reader." The fight for good government does not mean a Fall campaign against an individual Boody or an individual Maynard. It means a long, steady, thoughtfully carried out struggle for the utter and complete extinction of the spoils-system.

CONCERNING THE OVERTHROW.

This November landslide means, most of it, that the people have had a hard Summer, and feel pretty sore about it, and have taken it out of the party in power. Of course it is most clearly to be argued that the party in power, not having taken any partisan measures, is hardly to be held responsible for things having gone wrong financially. But most voters decline to reason too far back on election day. It would be a very convenient thing for public law-makers if people who vote this way would only put an explanation in the box with their votes to tell just how they expect better times to be brought about. But they don't do it, and many is the good, honest legislator who has had to sit down on the air, as our German friends say, for no better reason than that the wheat market was dull. Of course, in one or two states there were special reasons for the turnover. The arrogance of the leaders of the Democratic party did for New York and New Jersey, and well deserved their downfall. In New York State the attempt to perpetuate shamelessly bad government in Brooklyn, and the attempt to put a discredited Judge on the bench of the Court of Appeals, were quite enough to awaken the wrath of the people. In New Jersey the infamous prostitution of the legislature to the foul purposes of the race-track gamblers was the exciting cause. The vote there is simply the protest of peaceful communities ruined, despoiled and terrorized by the "followers" of the races. But for the other states—well, we have had the hard times that Mr. Cleveland and PUCK predicted as a sure result of Republican protective legislation; and now that the hard times have come, the prophet is "tumped."

BLESSINGS OF GRIEVANCE COMMITTEES.

WIFE.—What are you on strike for, now?

HUSBAND.—I don't know. I did n't go to the last meeting. But I must have some grievance that I had n't noticed, or I would n't have been ordered out.



AN ELECTION ECHO.

MR. HEALY.—Wot 's der matter, Keegan? Yer looks mad.

MR. KEEGAN.—Why should n't I? Croker 's goin' to gimme de turn-down, 'cause I lost me district. How could I help it? Der Reform Club held der balance of power, and at der last minit der Pure Politics Phalanx come down and overbid me a dollar a vote!



A DIFFERENCE.

MRS. SAUERS.—I don't consider marriage a lottery. Do you?

MR. SAUERS.—No! If a man draws a blank in a lottery, he can tear it up and take another chance.



OVERDOING IT.

REGGY.—You have a rosebud mouth, Miss Ada.

MISS ADA.—Oh, you flatter me!

REGGY (*straining himself*).—No, really, I assure you; a regular American Beauty!

MOST DECIDEDLY.

JINKS.—I don't believe that a critic reads half of the author's book he criticises.

BINKS.—The author is more considerate. He reads every word of the critic's criticism.

THE INTRINSIC value of a present should never be considered by the recipient; but, nevertheless, there is generally an excellent opportunity for the giver to use good judgement in regard to removing the cost-mark.



GETTING RID OF AN ANNOYANCE.

FRAYED FAGIN.—Lady, will you kindly give me a little Rough-on-rats on a small piece of bread?

MRS. HUMSTED (*in alarm*).—Laws, man! You ain't so low that you want to commit suicide, be ye?

FRAYED FAGIN.—No, lady; but there's bin a mouse in the linin' of my coat for more 'n a week, and I want to get rid of it.

OL' NUTMEG'S SAYINGS.

It's a good plan when yeou 're buildin' a high fence to keep yeour neighbor's cattle out, to make it low enough tew keep in yeour own pigs an' sheep.

A big idee kin be put on a mighty small scrap uv paper; but one kin often see a small idee spread over twenty odd newspaper kollums.

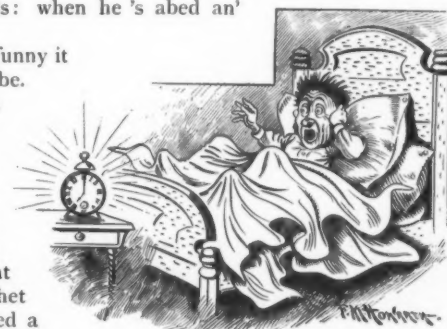
There are tew places where a feller likes tew put in overtime free gratis: when he's abed an' when he's courtin'.

When a man is reely funny it 's when he ain't tryin' tew be.

What a woman lacks in the art uv firin' a stun she makes up in the art uv firin' a feller's ambition.

Give a cat all she wants tew eat an' yeou 'll keep her mind of 'n stealin'.

It's a plaguey sight easier tew forgit thet yeou 've borrowed a dollar than it is thet yeou 've lent one.



"AN EYE-OPENER."

REFORM.

JEKYLL.—I see Murphy, the saloon-keeper, has brought suit against Keilly for a bar bill he 's been owing for over a year.

HYDE.—Yes; ever since he reformed.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

COHEN.—Oh, dot poy of mine gif me so much droubles; he vos grazzy to go on der stage!

ROSENHEIM.—Vants to be dot Romeo undt Chew-liette, eh?

COHEN.—Ach, it vos vorse den dot; he vants to be von of dose Irish gomedians!

THE GREAT trouble with the budding genius is that he is usually nipped in the bud.

THE TROUBLE with the love of a bonnet is the hate of a bill.

INVENTOR.—Well, I think my fortune 's made if I succeed in what I 'm at now.

FRIEND.—What are you trying to invent?

INVENTOR.—A non-explosive, unloaded pistol.

THE MATTER WITH IT.

HOON.—Look here, Waters! I don't care for any more milk like that you left yesterday morning. It was altogether too cynical to suit my taste.

WATERS (*the milkman*).—Cynical? What do you mean?

HOON.—It seemed to have been prematurely soured.

THE WAY TO REPRESS IT.

STRANGER (*in the Sunny South*).—I hear that the citizens of this place have resolved to allow the law to take its course in every case hereafter, and any attempts at lynching will be severely repressed.

COLONEL GORE.—Yes, sah; we ah tiahed of this lawlessness, sah; and anybody that attempts to do any lynching around heah, sah, will be taken out and hung!

IN THE VERNACULAR.

PASSING STRANGER (*on the East Side*).—Why, what's all the commotion about?

RAGGED LITTLE GIRL.—De p'lecceman 's jist took a drunken lady to de station-house.

A HERO.

"How many lives have you ever saved?"
"Ten;—drank enough to kill ten men."

SANS REPROCHE.

LORD DE LIVERUS (*proudly*).—And the escutcheon of my family has always remained untarnished.

MR. HOGABOOM (*of Chicago*).—You don't say! It would pretty soon get black in Chicago. I suppose you have the hired girl polish her up every morning.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

TOM.—There were a dozen men at the dinner last night, and every one of them got drunk, except the man who told me about it.

DICK.—And who was he?

TOM.—Oh, I heard it from each one of them.

ARRANGING DETAILS.

RINGMASTER.—Who's that making such an infernal racket by the snake case?

CHORE-BOY.—Oh, jes' de snake-charmer!

RINGMASTER.—Well, what the deuce is the matter with her?

CHORE-BOY.—Oh, nothin' much, 'cept she and de boss is disputin' about what 'ospital she's ter go ter when de bo' constrictus bites her dis afternoon!

THE PEOPLE who are now rushing to Florida to get warm will be rushing away from New York to get cool, just as soon as New York becomes as warm as Florida.



VERY RESERVED.

MR. LOVETT (*an accepted suitor*).—Here, Willy; I want to ask you something on the quiet. When your sister was at the seashore this Summer, did she keep the young men at a distance?

WILLY.—You bet she did! Why, she'd take 'em 'way, 'way down the beach, and keep 'em there till meal-time!

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

SHE (*before Dauber's last masterpiece, "Gettysburg"*).—I wonder, Mr. Dauber, if a battle *really* is as awful as it is pictured?

A CLEAR FIELD.

POET (*enthusiastically*).—Yes; I say with one of old, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws."

PRACTICAL FRIEND.—Well, who's hindering you?

FAMILY PRIDE.

LITTLE GEORGIE CRAKKER (*proudly*).—We un's owns sixteen houn's.

LITTLE CLAY EETER, JR. (*triumphantly*).—But we uns has two droves of hogs, an' our gran'pap wuz tarred an' feathered!

COLD WEATHER does n't seem to nip the society bud.

"THERE 'S MANY A SLIP," ETC.



POLICEMAN FOGARTY.—It's jist about my toime fer a few roasted chisnuts!



"They do be good an' hot, too."



"—!!—!—***?—!—"

A WATERLOO FOR SCIENCE.



PROFESSOR HYPNO.—Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have placed the subject in a state of utter oblivion. His mind is a blank;—he is aware of nothing. I will—



THE SUBJECT.—Vat a loafly tiamont!

TRANSMITTING HIS ORDER.

He entered the restaurant with the air of a man of elegant leisure, declined to take the seat which the head-waiter indicated; but, after a survey of the room, chose one which suited him. He sat down, smoothed his napkin across his knee, adjusted his eye-glasses, and carefully read the bill-of-fare from beginning to end. Then he glanced toward the waiter, who stood silent at his elbow, and by that sign indicated his readiness to give his order. The waiter slightly inclined his right ear, and the diner said:

"You may get me a slice of nice ham, neither too thick nor too thin, very little fat on it, and broiled over a charcoal fire. Also give me two eggs, new laid, fried in butter, on one side only. Be very particular to get them prepared properly."

The waiter strode haughtily away to the kitchen and yelled to the cook:

"Ham and!"

THE SKEENEWAS DRAMATIC CLUB.

"So you attended some private theatricals while you were over in New Jersey, did you?"

"Yes."

"Rather amateurish, of course?"

"Yes. The curtain rose on a Fifth Avenue breakfast scene wherein the people ate olives with a nut-cracker."

TAKING THE AGENT DOWN.

"This book," said the agent, "will cost you one dollar."

"I'll bet you it won't," said Dixon.

"You can't get it for less."

"That may be; but it won't cost me a dollar, because I'm not going to buy it."

THE ALCHEMIST, amid his alembics and retorts, fell asleep, and before his eyes came a vision. He saw a man, with a dirty face and an oil furnace, soldering pipes. The man spake, saying:

"Twelve hours, at sixty cents an hour, seven dollars and twenty cents."

As he dreamed, the alchemist smiled. In the vision he saw his wildest hopes realized.

FAIR-MINDED.

"I'm always willing to meet a man half-way," observed Charley Shortpay, magnanimously, as he settled with his tailor at fifty cents on the dollar.

A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION.

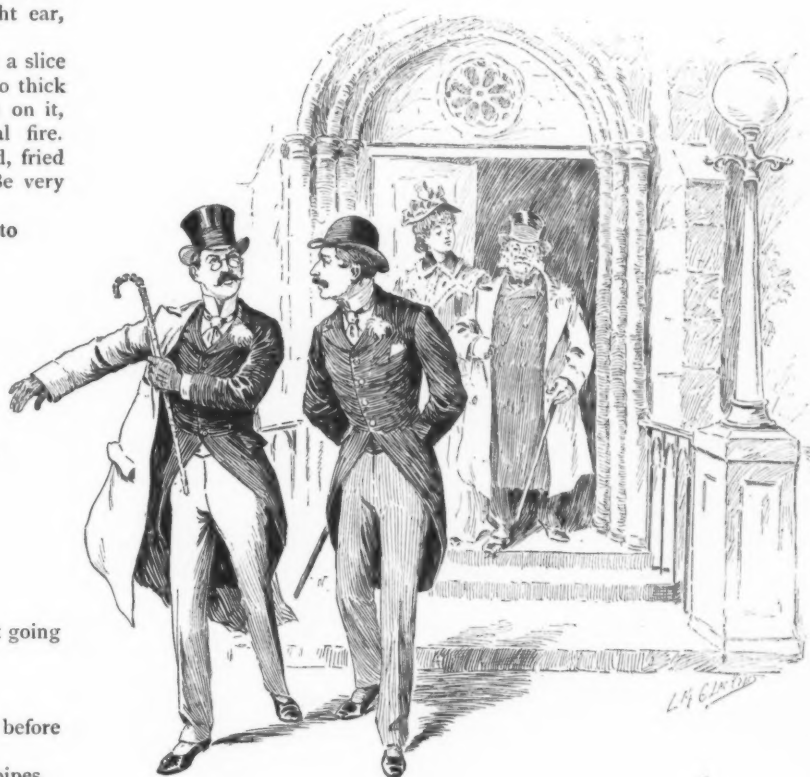
"I have n't a touch of imagination,"

She sighed; "I'm prosy as prose can be!"

Dear matter-of-fact, an inspiration!

Er—don't you think you could fancy—me?

C. F. L.



A FEEBLE GLIMMER.

JACK.—Did you notice when the plate came around whether old Bonder "let his light so shine before men?"

TOM.—He did;—but it was "a dim religious light."



MY LILY.

MY LOVE is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.

But, as I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
Neither does she spin.

E. E. L.

THE TOILERS' VICTORY.

FIRM AS the rock stood the silent factory. Firm and grim as the threatening headland of a Winter coast, black, chill and forbidding, while the mutterings of the angry strikers beat against it as the futile waves assault the irresponsive cliff. The men had been "out" for three weeks, and Want had shown his haggard face through many windows of once happy, though humble homes. Still the men stood firm. Their leader had told them they were fighting for a principle, and they were of the good old Puritan stock that dares death but knows not defeat.

As the sighing of the wintry wind is mingled with the deeper mutterings of the storm, so the wails of the women made a plaintive minor to the bass growls and execrations of the men.

The workmen had assembled to day, to hear the result of the conference between the purse-proud plutocrat who held in his hand their destinies, and their noble leader, the walking delegate, who had fought their battle so bravely, and had cheered them with words of hope, when it had otherwise seemed that hope had forever fled.

Suddenly a mighty roar arose, and the mass of men surged forward. The carriage of the mill-owner had arrived, bearing on its velvet cushions the plutocrat himself. With him rode the pride of the people — the walking delegate.

"Ah, there 's the boy!" shouted an honest old Irishman. "Sure, it is him that can hold his head up with any big-bug in the land."

The owner and the delegate dismounted from the luxurious carriage and made their way to the door of the factory, and entered. In another moment they appeared at an upper window. The delegate stretched out his hand, and his \$500 diamond glinted in the sunshine like a ray of hope. A solemn hush fell on the crowd. Then he spoke:

"Boys," said he, "we 've made a winnin'."

The hoarse cheers of the men and the joyous screams of women rent the air. After the tumult had subsided, the people's partisan continued:

"Dey ain't goin' to raise wages, boys, 'cause we can't afford it. But I 've squared it dis fur. De boss's daughter, she 's goin' to marry me an' take me into de firm. See?"

The great doors were thrown open wide, and with three cheers for their leader who had fought so well, the men filed into the building, and again the hum of industry gladdened the air.

Robley D. Stevenson.

HEAR! HEAR!

GOODUN.—Deacon Icyclops is a very cold and unsympathetic man, but still he is a good Christian.

BADUN.—Yes. A Christian of the kind that should be taken down below to be thawed out before being allowed in heaven.



NOT HIS STYLE.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Look pleasant, please.

VICTIM.—Not much! My friends would n't know me. I 'm a ticket-seller at a railroad station.

A VERY MATERIAL DIFFERENCE.

STAPLETON.—What is the difference between a *café* and a saloon, any way?

CALDECOTT.—About thirty per cent. in the price of the liquor, I should say.

WARNING.

'T were wise your debts to liquidate
While yet on earth you may,
For fear that in the future state
There be the devil to pay.



APPEARANCES ARE SOMETIMES DECEITFUL.

MISS INNIT.—There, Mother, look! Never say anything against that Hardy Upton again. See him generously giving alms to that poor old woman.



HARDY UPTON.—Yes; I know I owe you for four weeks' laundry; but I can't pay you any more than this twenty-five cents on account; and that 's all about it. See?

FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

FIRST THIN MAN.—What makes you so thin, friend?

SECOND THIN MAN.—Why, I'm a jockey!—been training to win races. What makes *you* so thin?

FIRST THIN MAN.—Well, I've been betting that you would win!



DUTY'S CALL.

In his heart love and duty struggled for the mastery. "Mathilde," he protested, "I feel that it is not right for us to sit here with the lights burning low."

"François," she bitterly rejoined, "you are too blamed nice for me!"

They parted forever; but he was sustained by the thought of the ease of conscience that would be his, when, upon the morrow, he must report for work at the office of the Consolidated Gas Company.

A POOR JOB, THOUGH!

TEACHER.—Johnny Tuffboy, can you give me an example of a self-made man?

JOHNNY.—Yes'm; Mrs. Lease, of Kansas.

AT THE POPULIST PICNIC.

COL. WINDBAGGER (*the orator of the day*).—And, ladies and gentlemen, I further charge the Shylocks and Gold-bugs of New York with having deliberately—

ALKALI IKE (*in the audience*).—Whoop! Hi-yip! hi-yah! Sock it to 'em, Kernel! Hooraw!

COL. WINDBAGGER (*to the CHAIRMAN*).—Can not that man be either silenced or removed? This is the fifth time he has interrupted me with his yells. He is inebriated, and ought to be taken in charge by an officer.

CHAIRMAN.—You are mistaken. He cheers, but does not inebriate. That is Alkali Ike, the committee on applause.

WOMEN AND THE SUNDAY PAPER.

Marriages first, then Births and Deaths,
Their feminine thoughts engage;
And they *always* read the dry-goods ad's,
And *never* "The Woman's Page."

R. L. McC.



DESPERATE, BUT NOT DANGEROUS.

WILD-EYED STRANGER.—I'll shoot him;—he's got to die! Show me one of your biggest pistols, quick!

SALESMAN (*aside, to boy*).—Run for an officer, lively!

WILD-EYED STRANGER.—Hold on!—I'm speaking of that tom-cat in the yard next to mine. He has n't given me a wink of sleep in a week!

FAR, FAR AWAY!

POLITICUS.—I thoroughly believe that we are about to enter into an era of pure politics.

CYNICUS.—Not much! Why, the Irish race will not become extinct for years and years yet!

MOURNING.

The writers of songs keep the world in a stew,
And our poor souls with torture they rack;
Now, the coming of "Two Little Girls in Blue"
Has put all the Nation in black.

H. S. Nut.



TOUCHED HIS HEART.

BURGLAR (*sternly*).—Where's yer husband?

WOMAN (*trembling*).—Under the bed!

BURGLAR.—Then I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have such a husband, without being robbed, too.

THE GEM OF THE EVENING.

BRIGGS.—I understand you are to speak at the Grand Army banquet.

GRIGGS.—Yes.

BRIGGS.—I hope you have hit upon a proper and patriotic military sentiment.

BRIGGS.—I have: "The Old Guard Dies, but Never Surrenders its Pensions."

A NOTABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

"What's the news?"

"No railroad accident this morning."

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

"All flesh is grass!" shouted the minister.

"Keep off the grass," prayed the girl who had a perfect horror of getting fat.

A JAPANESE OPINION.

I asked a gay chrysanthemum
What made her flourish so;
She answered, looking frolicsome,
"I get such lots of show!"



MISCONCEPTION OF DUTY.

"Jarley got left on his foreign appointment, I hear."

"Yes. He wanted to be Minister to Chili; and when he was asked what experience he had had, he said he'd conducted family prayers all his life."

THE SILVER lining has been torn out of the late financial cloud.

UNCLE SAM'S DISMAL SWAMP.
 IT WILL HAVE TO BE DRAINED TO GET RID OF THE NOXIOUS MIASMAS THAT ARISE FROM IT.







A DREADFUL FATE.

READE.—See that old fellow going over there? He was buried alive for thirty years.

WRIGHT (with deep interest).—Ah! The victim of some great wrong?

READE.—Oh, no; he was a custodian in the Astor Library for that length of time.

[T'S A queer thing that when a man loses his head, he is likely to talk through his hat.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

LAWYER.—You remember when I charged you five hundred dollars for services in that case I won for you, you said I ought to throw off about half for the fame I got out of it?

CLIENT.—Just so.

LAWYER.—Well, I've lost your last case, and I think I'll have to charge you fifteen hundred dollars for damaged reputation.

IT WAS N'T NECESSARY.

PEAWICK.—So, poor Mr. Meekly has really married the Widow Bouncer. How did he ever pluck up the courage to do it?

SINNICK.—He did n't have to. It seems he could n't pluck up the courage not to do it.

ASTONISHING.

DE BROKE (*pompously*).—Speaking of the overpowering effects of large amounts of money on the lower classes, I showed a fifty-dollar bill to a Chinaman the other day, and he nearly fainted.

DE WITT.—So would any one else who knew you.

WITHOUT FAIL.

JIMLY.—Self-made men are seldom pious.

BIMLY.—You are certainly mistaken. A self-made man always venerates his creator.

THE GABBLE-TREE.

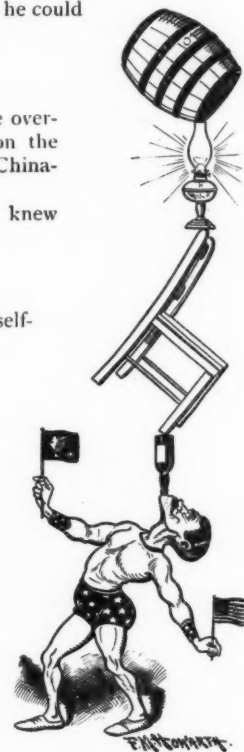
(To Master F—g—e F—d.)

THE GABBLE-TREE soareth in Wishy-Wash land,
Sing Wow! for the grinding machine!
And various o'er-be-versed babies demand
That down in the depths of oblivion's tureen
To never more float and no more be seen,
May be plunged all this colicky truck — understand?
For infants don't care, if the darlings are wise,
For poems all dotted with capital I's!

So cut it off short, and cut it off close;

Just cut it off short with a snickersnee keen,
Before the poor infants grow glum and morose —
Sing Wow! For the grinding machine!

Robley D. Stevenson.



"STEADY WORK."

[T IS generally the poor left hand that knoweth not what the right hand doeth. There does n't seem to be a square ambidexterity in the world of morals.

HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.



AMATOOR.—I hear you are going on a gunning trip to-morrow, Breech. Would you mind if I went along with you? I have a great desire to learn how to gun. I never shot off a fire-arm in my life.

BREECH (*resignedly*).—All right, Amatoor; meet me at the station to-morrow morning at half-past six.



(The next morning.)

AMATOOR.—Heavens, Breech! I did n't know it was going to be a masquerade affair.

BREECH.—It is n't. This is the costume I always wear when I take novices out gunning.

A CRUEL JEST.

TENDERLY THEY brought the girl from the scenes of mid-summer gayety and laid her in her mother's arms. Weeping hysterically, the maiden buried her face in the sheltering bosom. "Cruel, cruel!" she moaned. Maternal love divined the truth. "Some one has been trifling with my darling's heart."

A tempest of sobs convulsed the tender breast.
 "My daughter, tell me all."
 A soothing hand pressed the throbbing brow.
 "A b-b-b-brute — boo, hoo! — oh, Mama! —"
 "Speak, child."
 "— wrote a m-m-m-man's n-n-name on the r-r-reg — boo, hoo! — register. Oo-o-o-o!"

PUNCH JOKES: SERIES OF '93.

"Hullo, Hotey!" said Burnand to Gilbert.
 "Why do you call me Hotey?" asked Gilbert.
 "Because you are a Don Qui (Donkey)," said Burnand.

[T IS all right to scrape an acquaintance; but don't bleed him.

PEOPLE WHO fish for compliments often have their whole tackle carried away.



WELL-EARNED REST.

LADY (to POLITE LABORER who has offered her his seat).— Oh, no! Keep your seat, my good man; you have been working hard all day.

POLITE LABORER (sympathetically).— Take it, Ma'am. Thru, Oi've bin carryin' th' hod all th' day; but you've bin shoppin'.

PRETTY NEARLY RIGHT.

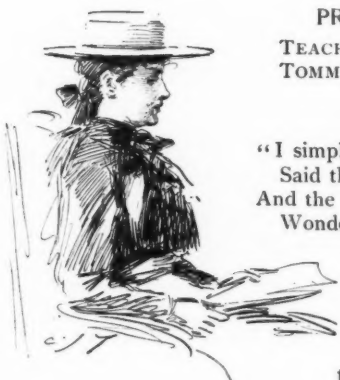
TEACHER.— What is a millionaire?
 TOMMY.— One man in a million.

UNACQUAINTED.

"I simply dote on Horace!"
 Said the Boston maid; — "don't you?"
 And the maiden from Chicago,
 Wondering, queried, "Horace who?"

A DEMURRER.

"Miss Griggs is the picture of health; is n't she?"
 "Well — um — yes. But I don't think it is well painted."



SECRET SOCIETIES have charms that are especially attractive to the man who likes to make a gaudy display on his watch-chain.

MUCH OF the stuff called "conversation" had best be kept out of the reach of the garbage collector.



CONVENIENT.

MOTHER.— Why, Ivy! What have you done with the doll's eyes?

IVY.— Took them out, Mama; so she could n't see that she had to sleep in a dark room.

SHE FELL in a moment of weakness;
 What voice is there to accuse?
 She rose at once, and under her breath
 She bemoaned her high-heeled shoes.



THE ACME OF BLISS.

FRAYED FAGIN.— Yes; der Judge sint me up to der Work House for six months. When I gits dere I would n't work, and den dey put me in a strait-jacket.

DUSTY RHODES (sympathetically).— Dat muster bin tough.

FRAYED FAGIN (enthusiastically).— Tough? Not much! Why, say, Dusty; a feller could n't move in one o' dem strait-jackets if he wanted to!

ELD
not all
SKIN
By USING
WHITE
ROSE
Glycerine
Soap.
DELICACY
PERFUME
O ROSIN.
Agents,
KROPPF, N.Y.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?



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JOE.—I got a valuable tip a while ago.
ELLI.—Where?
JOE.—At the Ostrich exhibit in Midway.—*World's Fair Puck.*

A BALL MATCH—Matching for Drinks.—*World's Fair Puck.*

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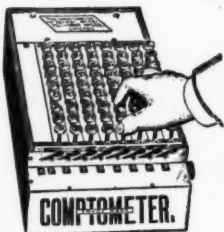
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